

FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS

VOL. 2

JULY

No 8

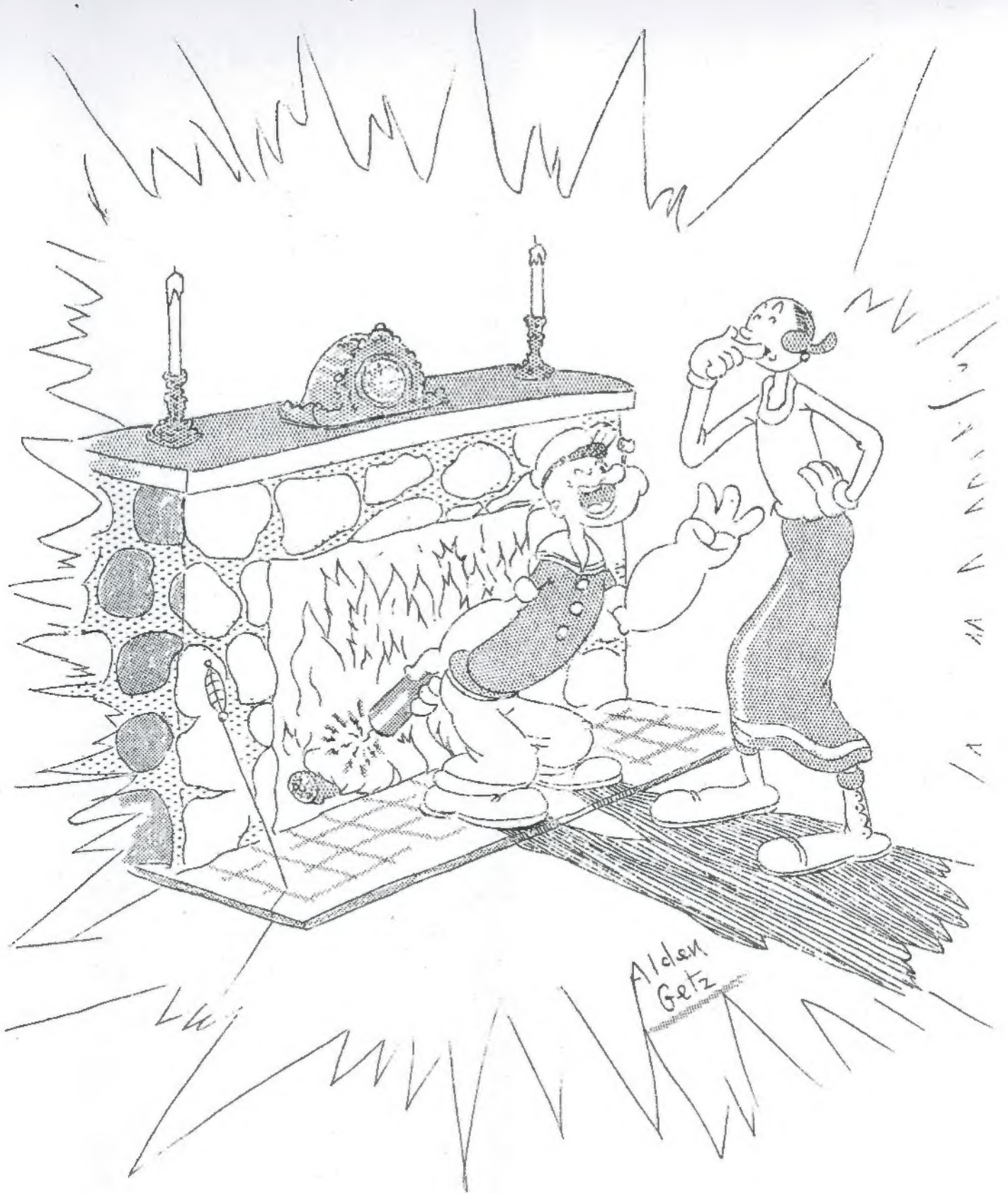


The Editor Sez

The Foot-Path to Peace.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars. To be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself, until you have made the best of them. To despise **nothing** in the world except falsehood and meanness. To fear nothing except cowardice. To be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts. To covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners. To think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors. These are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

Author Unknown.



"THREE GUESSES —
AND IT'S YOURS —!"

TINY TYPES

By Roberta



Edith Vernick was born in Rotmistrovker, Kieve Ukraine, Russia, (try that on your zither). She was named Ida. Being an April child, she expected most anything to happen and it did. When she was a babe in arms, Mama and Papa Vernick headed, via steamer, for New York. The skipper apparently lost his way and landed in Philadelphia, which seemed all right to Papa Vernick, but he soon tired of it and again headed for New York and landed in Brooklyn.

At the tender age of four, Edith started school in Brooklyn, by the time she was six she had progressed so far that the elder Vernicks moved to New York, then there was no stopping her. At the age of fifteen, she had graduated from high school. One high school episode is amusing if not tragic. A daring young swain presented her with a beaded handbag. Bugs, according to young Edith, were made to carry things in. Edith packed her lunches into it, healthy sandwiches of herring and lox. The pay-off was when she found out the bag was worth seventy five dollars.

Her childhood ambition was to be a gym teacher, an ambition which she never attained. Now she takes most of her exercise reading Winchell, Ed. Sullivan and the Red Book. She sustains this furious pace on horring, partakes moderately of cocktails and smokes when she wants to. She is fond of purple and wears it well. She likes the good old Summertime. Dislikes Winter and guys that crack their knuckles, also puns. She is five feet five inches tall, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Her weight can only be computed on a sliding scale, because she never weighs the same at any given time. She drinks unsweetened lemon juice before meals to keep her weight down.

She came to the Studio in 1920, as an opaquer. After two months she was planning and inking. Edith also did her share of camera work, as well as run errands and attend the switchboard. She has done most everything but animate. At present she is head of the Inbetweening Department. Her previous jobs sound like bits of O. Henry stories. She worked in department stores on Saturdays. Later she affiliated herself with Mr. Woolworth's emporiums. It was here that Edith acquired the habit of putting money in her shoes and often came home, footsore and conscience stricken because the extra ten dollars hurt her feet as well as her mind. Edith then tried to sling sodas, she must have slung them too far, because her next job was selling magazines to help her through college. One potential customer had a better idea and after Edith listened to it, she had only one thought, and that was to get out of his office as quickly as possible.

Edith possesses a rare sense of humor, and enjoys a good joke. Her laugh is contagious. She is at times a very morbid person. She admits to being a physical coward and a hypochondriac. She is a contest enthusiast and has been

a winner several times. She also dotes on crossword puzzles. She likes to travel and has seen quite a bit of the United States. She recently went to Bermuda and more recently to the Virgin Islands. She wants to go to Australia or on a World tour.

Edith goes to the movies and the theatre whenever possible. She is very fond of music. She makes friends easily and is the life of any party. Her favorite expression is, "I'll break your neck." A careful poll among friend and foe, has revealed no broken necks to date. Speaking of necks, Edith says for the well known robe de nuit, she prefers a nightgown, or nightie as she so naively puts it. Because she tosses in her sleep the only drawback or drawup on this garment is, according to Edith, when she wakes it is usually around her neck. A lead pipe her would cure this.

ANIMATED NEWS FUND REPORT

Balance in June Issue \$378.25

RECEIPTS

Fleischer Studios for July	\$15.00	
Sale of Paper	19.30	
*Repaid on Loans	<u>42.00</u>	<u>76.30</u>
		\$454.55

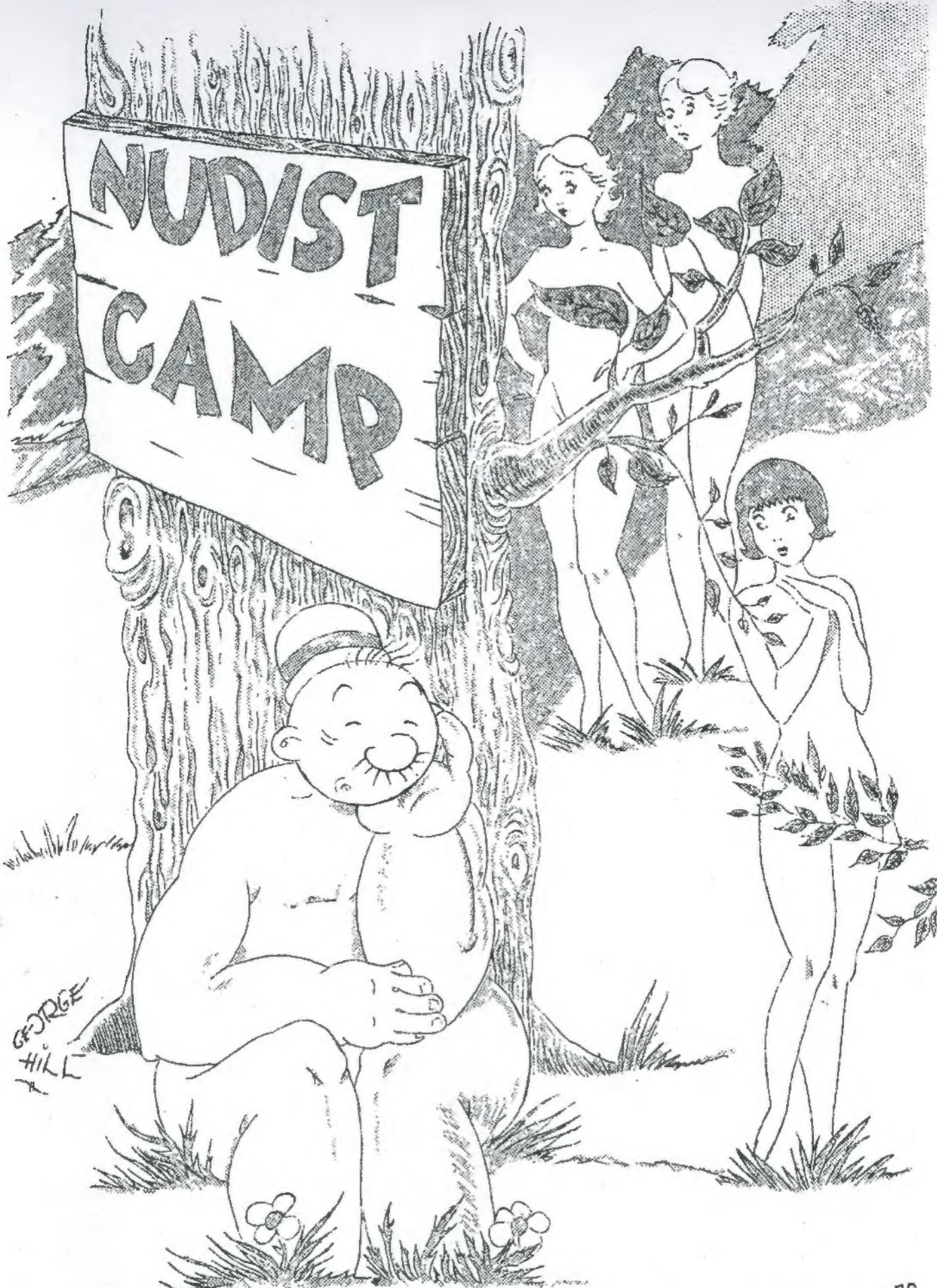
DISBURSEMENTS

None

Balance \$454.55

*Balance due on Loans \$218.

To date the Relief Fund has assisted 17 cases in our organization in the sum of \$865.00.



WIMPY: "GEEZ! - I WISH I HADDA HAMBURGER!"

TINTYPES

By Roberta



Jack Willis first saw light of day in Baltimore, Md. He is the third child in a family of five children. The first dozen years of Jack's life were spent in the city of his birth. The next move was to Newark, N. J. The Willis family then crossed the mighty Hudson and settled in New York City. Jack was a model child and a perfect student at school. His childhood ambition was to be a cartoonist and every spare page in his composition books bore marks of this early urge. He still wants to be a cartoonist.

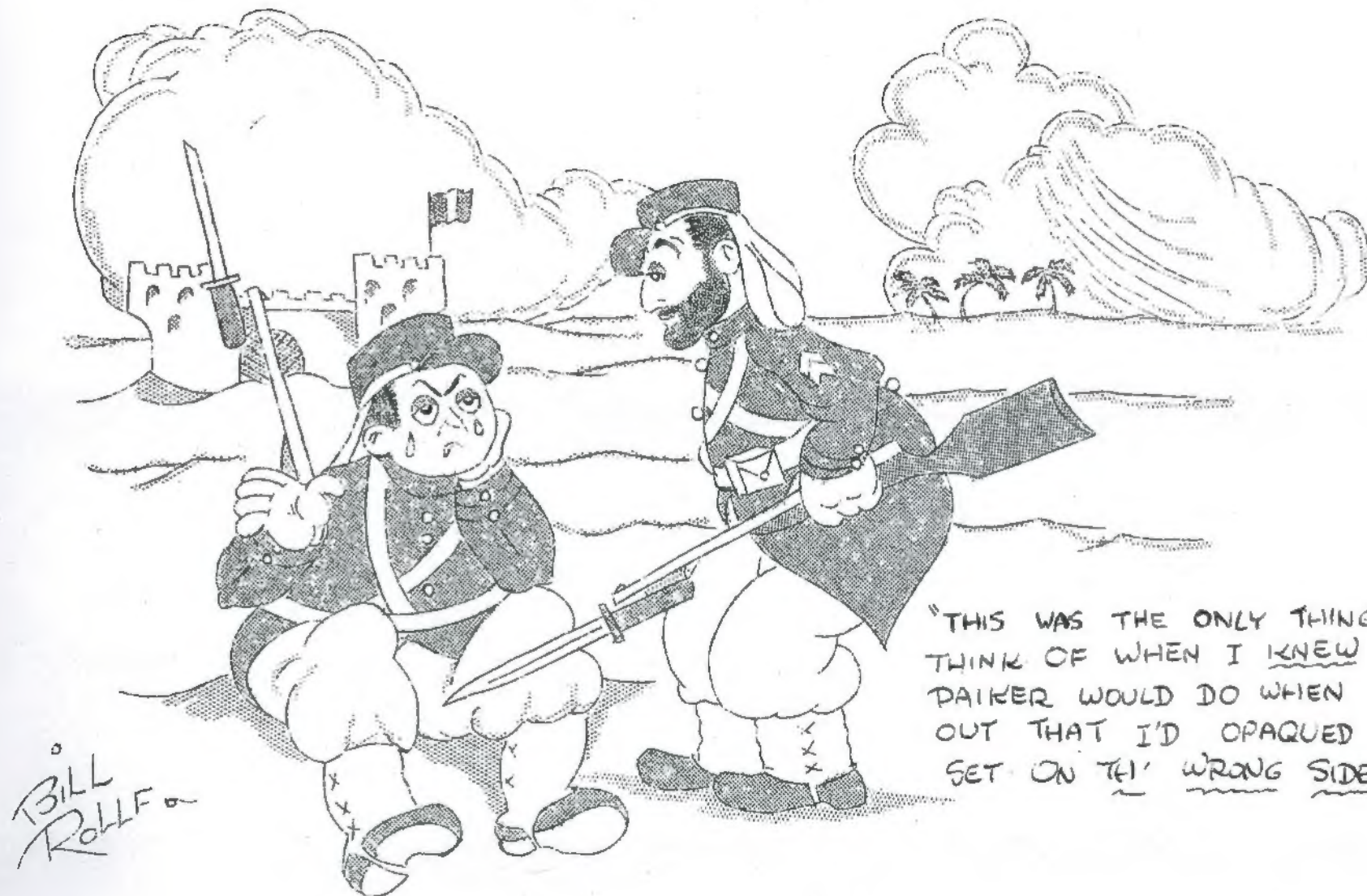
Soon after his graduation from P. S. 52, which by the way is in the Bronx, Jack found his way to the ship yards and got a job. Later he became a bookkeeper and an accountant.

Still later the call of the bright-lights was heard and Jack joined up with a burlesque show. His next stop into vaudeville and then into musical comedy. Jack was a juvenile in the Chicago Company of "Hit The Deck" and "Gay Paree."

Jack is "an easy goin' guy," as he best describes himself. He has no bad habits, unless it's eating garlic. He is five feet nine and one half inches tall. The most he ever weighed was 150 lbs. and the least approximately 7 lbs. He now tips the scale at 135 lbs. He has dark brown hair, which he parts on the side. His eyes are a shade darker than hazel. He is a conservative dresser and prefers blue suits. Roast lamb with garlic is his favorite dish. Milk is his favorite drink. He is a nervous person, but doesn't attribute this to the pack of Camels he smokes per day. He is fond of reading and his favorite author is Sagar. He is inclined to be moody at times. Jack also confesses to having a bit of a temper, which is easily kept in check because he isn't easily annoyed.

Jack's hobbies are swimming and golf. His stroke at swimming is much better than his golf. In music he likes light opera. Jack laughs at all superstitions and deliberately walks under ladders, especially on Friday the thirteenth. He never knows a new joke and is always telling the old ones. His nickname is Ozzie. His favorite expression is, "Oh nuts!"

While in vaudeville, Jack met one Miss Lois Moffitt, who was later to play an important part in his life. In 1934 Jack married "Little Miss Moffitt." Their son, Gary, was born this year. If Gary inherits his Mother's twinkling toes and his Daddy's artistic abilities he'll go a long way. Jack came to the Studio about four and one half years ago, he started as an opaquer. Just recently he advanced from the Inbetweening Department into the Timing Department.



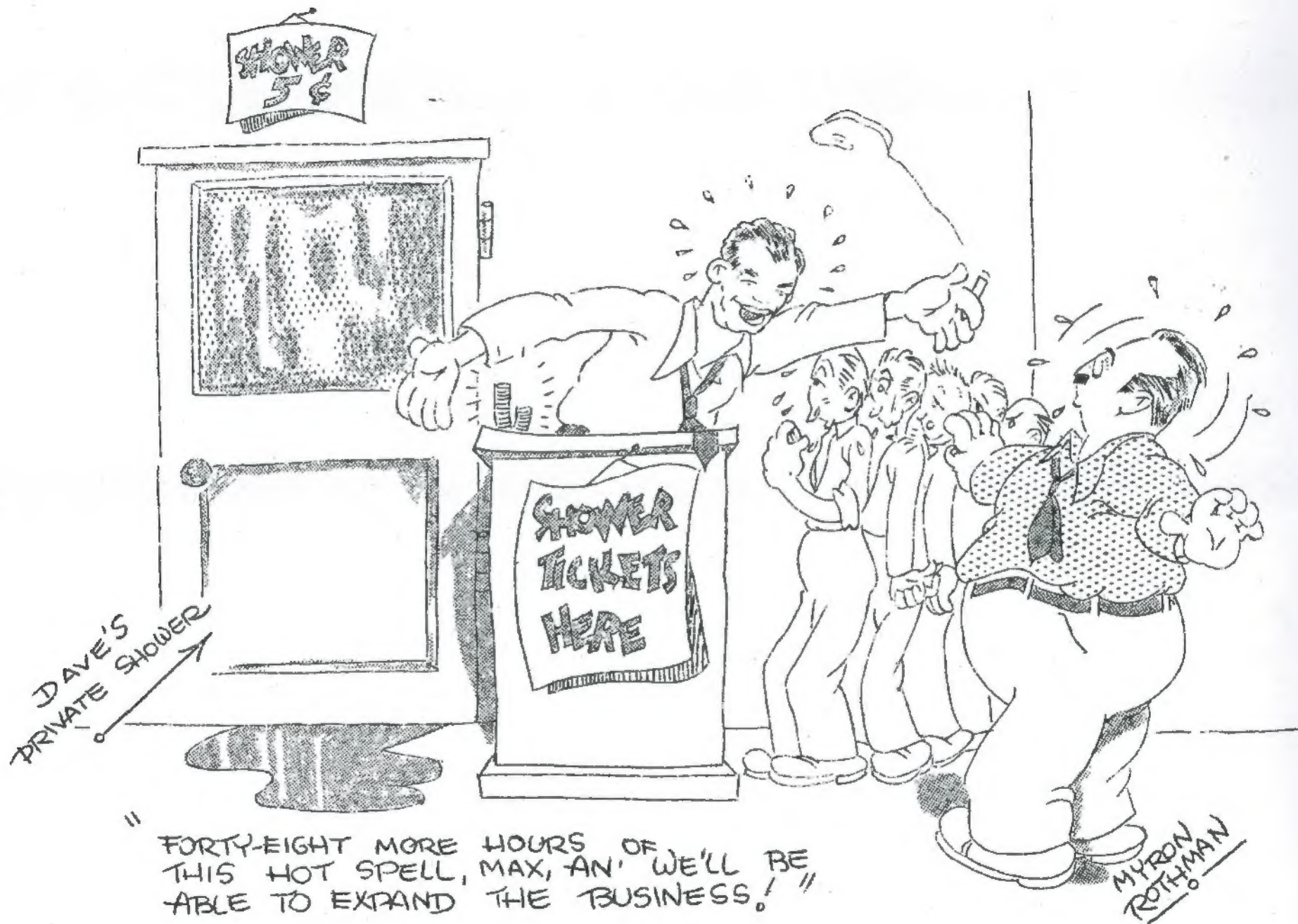
"THIS WAS THE ONLY THING I COULD
THINK OF WHEN I KNEW WHAT
DAIKER WOULD DO WHEN HE FOUND
OUT THAT I'D OPAQUED THE WHOLE
SET ON THI' WRONG SIDE!"



July 4th, the day we celebrated our Independence, was the day Thomas Golden gave up his. Tom and Annabelle Elizabeth Hirschfold were married in Saint Frances of Rome, Roman Catholic Church in Wakefield Park, Mount Vernon, N. Y. There were about three hundred guests at the Church. Following the ceremony there was a reception at Ryan's Pier in City Island.

The Bride was attended by her cousin and two friends. One of Tom's brothers acted as best man. Another brother and a friend were ushers. The Newly-weds spent the first week of their honeymoon in Atlantic City, N. J. The second week they are spending at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Upon their return to New York they will make their home with the Bride's parents. The entire Studio wishes the bride and Groom much happiness and may they see their "Golden" Anniversary.



The following is the text of Johnny Burks' radio interview that was broadcast over station WMCA. Due to short notice several of us missed this talk and we are glad of the opportunity to print it.

- Cantor: And now for my guest of the evening.
Probably one of the most interesting and at the same time, least understood branches of the motion picture industry is the animated cartoon. In the Studio tonight is Johnny Burks, one of the technicians at the Max Fleischer Studios, who will attempt this evening to explain just how animated cartoons are made.
- Burks: Thank you Buddy, and good evening.
- Cantor: Johnny, just what is your job in the Fleischer Studios?
- Burks: At present, it is the only job of its kind in the world.
Let's just call it experimental work in the third dimensional effects.
- Cantor: When were the first animated cartoons made?
- Burks: In the year 1912, Windsor McKay, Sr. a cartoonist on the New York Herald made the first attempt at animated cartoons. Although McKay's basic principles were sound, he found that after making one film that the work was too long and tedious, therefore impractical, and so dropped the idea. At about this time, John R. Bray and Max Fleischer, two cartoonists on the Brooklyn Eagle became interested, and although the men separated, each of them evolved a successful process for rapid cartoon production, which is the basis of the cartoon industry today.
- Cantor: Johnny, will you tell us how cartoons are made?
- Burks: Well, I'll try. You see Buddy, each position of cartoon action must be rendered as a separate drawing, then photographed one at a time on movie film, which, when shown on the screen at full speed, gives the logical illusion of action.
- Cantor: Well then, about how many of these drawings does it take to make a single reel cartoon.
- Burks: Anywhere from eight to fourteen thousand, depending upon the action required.
- Cantor: Do you think it will be possible to explain to the radio audience the process of making an animated cartoon such as a Popeye or a Betty Boop at the Fleischer Studios?
- Burks: Well, we can try. It takes about six months to make a cartoon, but we will see if we cannot tell about it in a shorter time. First, you must have a story. - - a short plot that moves quickly to its conclusion with lots of action and whimsy.
- Cantor: About how many people are usually employed in the Story Department?
- Burks: Well, at the Fleischer Studios there are about fifteen writers, gag men and musicians at work laying out the plot and musical score for our pictures.
- Cantor: The music is planned with the story Johnny?
- Burks: That's right. Sound is so very important in a cartoon that practically all effects are arranged in advance and scored to a definite rhythm to which the cartoonist works.

Cantor: What's next then?

Burks: Then comes the director and head animator. The animator is like an actor in a play. He is the real performer of the picture, although he acts only with his pencil, but the job requires real ability and lots of imagination. It is the chief animator who creates the moods and cute expressions of the characters in the plot, and quite often adds new twists and gags to the story.

Cantor: Does this animator work alone?

Burks: Oh no indeed! He has many assistants, all good cartoonists who help him finish up the many thousands of drawings needed to complete the action.

Cantor: On each one of these thousands of drawings do they make the complete picture including the many details of the background?

Burks: No they don't. You see the backgrounds are drawn separately, only one being required for each scene. The characters in action which the animators have drawn, are traced in ink on separate sheets of transparent celluloid, then colored with a special opaque paint. When these sheets are placed over the background, the background shows around the character giving the appearance of a single complete drawing. These celluloids are then changed one after the other over the same background, giving the appearance of action in that scene.

Cantor: That brings us up to the actual photographing of the cartoons, doesn't it Johnny?

Burks: That's right. A cartoon camera is a special machine which takes only one exposure and then stops automatically after advancing the film into position for the next exposure. This gives the operator time to change the celluloid drawings on the background to those for the next position. When this is done, he trips the camera shutter, and the next exposure is made. It is this series of individual photographs which, when projected on the screen, at normal speed, produces the illusion of animation.

Cantor: That certainly sounds like a slow process.

Burks: It is. If a cameraman is fast, he can photograph as much as 50 ft. of film in one day. To give you a further idea of how slow this is, 50 ft. of film when projected on the screen takes 33 1/3rd seconds.

Cantor: Lately Johnny, in several of the Fleischer cartoons, such as the Popeye and Color Classics, I have noticed a rather unusual or third dimensional effect. Can you explain something about this?

Burks: Well Buddy, all pictures are naturally flat, having only height and width. However, we have discovered by means of a process developed by Max Fleischer, that it is possible to get a sensation of the third dimension or depth in a cartoon picture. It is almost impossible to explain the actual process without the apparatus at hand, but you cannot fail to notice the results, whenever you see a scene in which the effect is used.

Cantor: Well Johnny, I certainly know a good deal more about how the cartoons are made than I knew ten minutes ago. Thank you very much for coming up this evening.

Burks: Don't mention it Buddy -- glad to do it.

FRANK'S ORDERS
TOOTS - THESE COWBELLS
WILL TELL WHERE YUH
YOU DAMES ARE WHEN YUH
GO TO THE REST ROOM AN'
THEN GET LOST!



RUTH LAMMEY
G R H

HI-LITES OF THE MONTH

don m. sep.

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
A SQUIRREL!



DAVE FLEISCHER,
SAM PUCHWALD AND
FRANK TAIKER ARE
ON A CAMPING TRIP
TO LAKE GEORGE

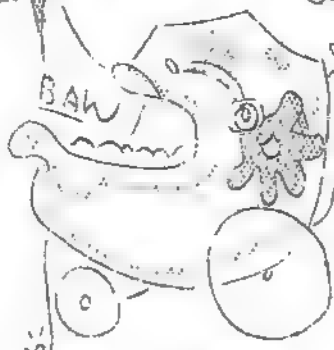
THE MARRIED MEN COPPED
TH' BALL GAME 14-6

JOHNNY BURKS'
'MIKE' DEBUT...



NICE GOIN',
JOHNNY!

NOT BAD FOR US OLD
GUYS, EH?

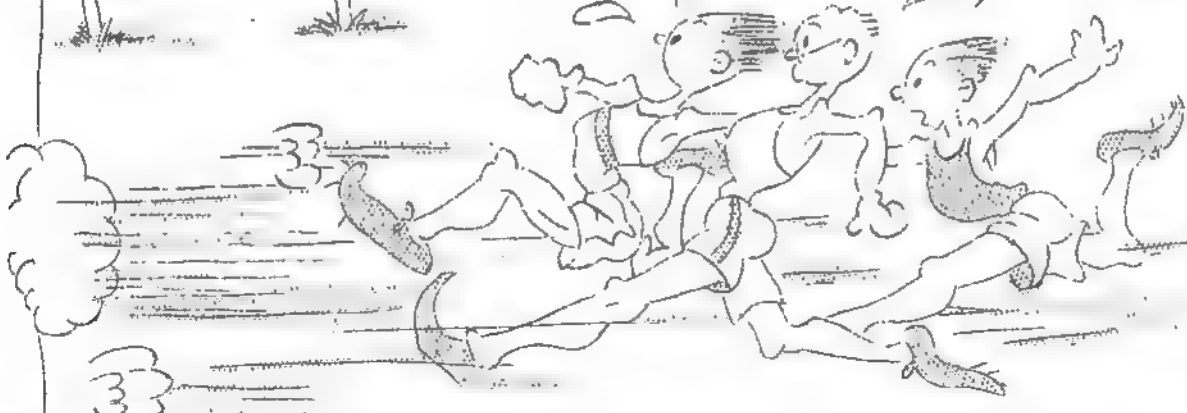


OLYMPIC
TRYOUTS

WHO JUST
PASSED
US?
VENZKE OR OWENS?

BOLD VENTURE,
MERRIE!

NAW, THAT'S
LISEL HOWSON
LEAVING FOR HER
VACATION IN
GERMANY!



The RAMBLING REPORTER

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A STUDIO BOAT RIDE IDEA?



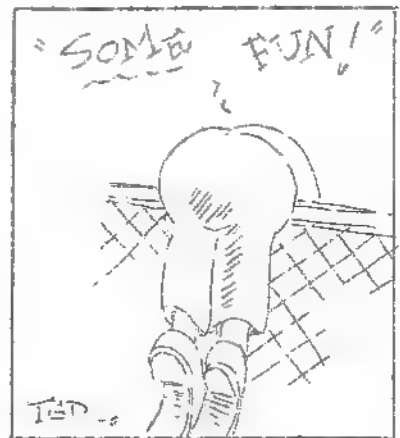
Dave Tendlar: "I have had the same answer on this question for the last five years. I still say that it is a swell idea, let's do it!"

Dominick Campanella: "Sure let's have one. It will provide a swell romantic opportunity to meet those beautiful but snooty female opaquers. They might thaw out, who knows?"



Millie Figlozzi: "A swell idea! I'm sure we will all have as good a time as at the Christmas Dinners. You can count on me as for the idea one hundred percent."

Ted Vosk: "A boat ride! Whoopee! I think it's a swell idea. We could all get to know the employees much better and have a lotta fun. I'm a good bender over the rail too."



Harold Abbey: "Aweighing boat sides of the question I think the hull bunch of us fo'c'sle have a rippling good time. I'll go just for the helm of it. (Ed. note) There'll be lots of luffing and the funnel be grand."

Leah Berlinger: "It's a very good idea because I like knowing exactly when to expect rain. No fooling I think it's a grand idea."



This question is by popular request. If you have a question to ask, submit it to the Editor before the first of each month.

YOU! — AND YOUR WANTING
TO EAT LUNCH IN HAWAII —
A WHOLE PICTURE RUINED
BECAUSE YOU LEFT A BALONEY
SANDWICH ON WAIKIKI BEACH!!!



WARREN
FOSTER

POETS'

PAGE

GOOD OLD SOL!

Vacation time is here, by geez!
No wintry days to make us freeze.

To countries, beaches, farms, we go,
Because the sun's too lovely, so!

We don our bathing suits and swim,
Or run around with pep and vim.

And all the while the good old sun
He laughs and laughs at what he's done.

For when we get back home again
We're all burned up with sun, and then

We can't relax or move around,
And then we think at last we've found

That snows or sun don't help us none
So why go 'way it ain't no fun!

FINALE!

We think we've learned by now, but dear!
The same thing happens every year..

Edith Verrick

AFTER SPRIG.

By sprig codes now have passed away,
I should be happy, care-free, gay,
I should be workig like a beaver,
Bud now I'b suff'rig frob "rose-fever."

Wm. Rollis.

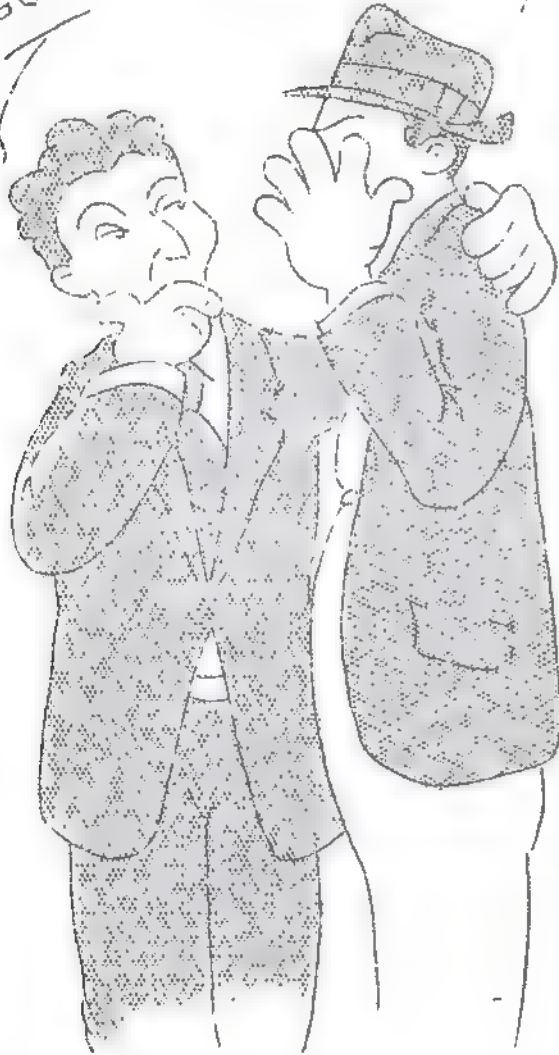
TO A FEATHERED DON JUAN.

The ightth floor has a heart breaker,
You're wrong girls, I don't mean Frank Paikor,
With only a nest,
That bird does his best,
Who is he? Ask any opaquer.

Roberta Whitehead.

WHO'S
THAT
GUY?

OH, HE'S ONE
OF THOSE FELLOWS WHO
WRITES THOSE FUNNY
GAGS FOR THE MOVIES!



PERPETRATED BY
HENRY WEBER



THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

The long awaited baseball game between the married men and the bachelors of the Studio was held on a Central Park diamond some two weeks ago, with the "ball an' chain" wearers winding up on the long end of a 14 - 6 score. The game ended in the fifth frame when a parade of several thousand youngsters through the Park wrote "finis" to the contest.

The married men smacked out eight runs in the first two frames (before their opponent's first run came in) to take a lead which the unattached sluggers could not overcome. They did, however, cut it down to two runs in the third, but the married men pounded out six more runs in the next two frames to enjoy a big lead, when the game ended.

Stand outs for the winners were: Frank Paiker, who banged out a triple and a homer, Bill Hines, who got a brace of doubles in two times at bat, and Charlie Schettler, who hung up eight strike outs in a nifty pitching job. For the single men, Aaron Krawetz turned in a nice stretch in the catcher's slot and kicked in with a homer. Bill Stumpf pitched well in the later frames and also gathered himself a four bagger.

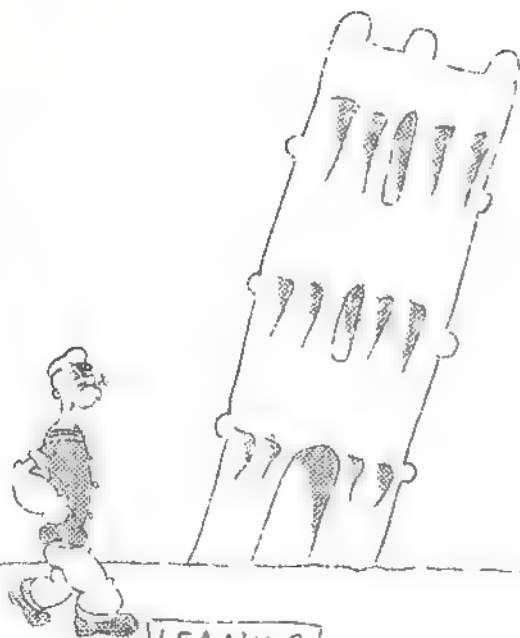
<u>"BALL 'N' CHAIN GANG"</u>					<u>"UNATTACHED"</u>				
	AB	R	H	Per.		AB	R	H	Per.
STURM, RF - SS	4	3	2	.500	ROBBINS, 1B.	2	1	1	.500
HINES, 3B.	2	4	2	1.000	MATHEWSON, SS.	2	0	0	.000
PAIKER, C.	2	4	2	1.000	KRAWETZ, C.	3	1	1	.333
SCHETTLER, P.	2	1	0	.000	STUMPF, 3B P.	2	1	1	.500
CALPINI, 1 B.	4	0	1	.250	FINE, 2 B.	2	1	1	.500
MCCORMACK, 2 B	4	0	1	.250	LAMPERT, LF.	2	1	0	.000
MALTESE, CF. RF.	3	0	0	.000	ORIOLO, P 2B	2	1	1	.500
HILL, LF. 3B.	3	1	2	.667	WEBER, RF.	2	0	0	.000
MARION, RF. SS.	2	1	1	.500	LIPPMAN, CF.	2	0	0	.000
<hr/>					<hr/>				
TOTALS	26	14	11	.423		19	6	5	.263
<hr/>					<hr/>				

SCORE BY INNINGS:

BALL 'N' CHAIN GANG	-	3	5	0	3	3	--	14
UNATTACHED	-	0	2	4	0	-	--	6

THE SUMMARIES:

STRIKE OUTS ... By Schettler 8, by Oriolo and Stumpf 10. BASES ON BALLS: Off Schettler 2, Off Oriolo and Stumpf 8. HIT BY PITCHER: by Schettler (Lampert) By Stumpf (Maltese, Sturm). TWO BAGGERS: Hines (2) McCormick, Marion, Robbins, Fine, Oriolo. THREE BAGGERS: Paikor. HOME RUNS: Sturm, Paiker, Krawetz, Stumpf
UMPIRE: ROBERT CONNAVALE



LEANING
TOWER
OF PISA



LEANING
TOWER
OF PISA



LEANING
TOWER
OF PISA



~~LEANING~~
TOWER
OF PISA

Roberta



"IN OLD WYOMIN'"

Animation by:
Tom Johnson
Hal Walker

Scenario by:
The Story
Department

This is a fast moving "Screen Song" cartoon, dotted with some of the dizziest gags to appear in a Fleischer production in months and one which should please audiences everywhere.

It is a burlesque on the average newsreel and takes the latter "movie" features for an unmerciful "ride," with a number of extremely funny and phoney incidents presented in newsreel fashion.

Among the incidents recorded in burlesque fashion are: The invention of an automatic sleep producing machine, which guarantees sound sleep to sufferers from insomnia; the invention of an extremely modern baby carriage; a theatre marquee which should do away with any difficulty owners have in filling their show houses with customers; an automat-like establishment where customers get fed, married and become parents all in a few seconds by inserting coins in the correct slots and a half-dozen equally funny incidents. The "actual" shows the glamorous Louise Massey, stage and radio singer, with "The Westerners," in a harmonious rendition of the theme song.

"LET'S GET MOVIN'"

Animation by:
Willard Bowsky
Orestes Calpini

Scenario by:
Joe Stultz
Bill Turner

Popoye and Bluto carry their rivalry into the furniture-moving field in this latest Fleischer production. Popoye, disgruntled because his girl friend Olive has called upon Bluto, the moving man, to move her furniture instead of himself, challenges Bluto to a test of strength at furniture lifting. Huge loads are lifted by both men but the sailor wins the contest by a hilariously ingenious way of disposing of a grand piano and Bluto resorts to his fists to wipe out his defeat. He seems well on his way to victory in an exciting brawl in, over and amongst Olive's furniture but the inevitable can of spinach makes a timely appearance and "our hero," re-invigorated, punches his way to victory.

For action and laughs, "Let's Got Movin'" rates high.

OUR OWN
'SEM' ROBINSON,
PLAYING THE
PART OF A
NATIVE BOY
IN A STOCK
COMPANY,
VERSION OF
'RAIN,' MADE
DRAMATIC
HISTORY A COUPLA YEARS BACK
BY ABSENT-MINDEDLY WEARING HIS
STREET SHOES ONSTAGE?



DID YOU
KNOW THAT?

BY
GEORGE
HILL



MORRIS FLEISCHER,
(STILL A GOV'T.
LICENSED AVIATION
MECHANIC) JUST
MISSED GOING WITH
BYRD ON HIS FAMOUS
TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

"JUTH THAY
THAT I'VE
WETIRED FJOM
THE STAGE!"



MAE SCHWARTZ, A DANCER WITH
SEVERAL STAGE APPEARANCES TO
HER CREDIT BEFORE SHE WAS
EIGHT, SUDDENLY DECIDED TO
QUIT — AND DID!

DOWN THE STUDIO LANE

Ruth Kuss and Bill Rollfs are blazing. They spend their lunch hour sitting in one seat. Lillian Friedman was interviewed for an article to appear in a new woman's magazine called "Eve." The publication will hit the news stands in September. Helen Kirsh has been furniture shopping. Helen expects to middle aisle it early in October. Have you noticed those large hats some of our charmers are wearing? Tom Moore added a couple of medals to his collection on his last vacation. He now has over seventy. Not many hours after you read this, Lisel Howson will sail for a three month visit to her native Germany. Hope you have a swell time.

Milton (Curly Top) Nadol wants you and you to know that he's back from his vacation. Said vacation was spent at a New England sea shore and Milton spent his spare moments sending post cards to Wanda Silvey. Lod Rossner is a bacon and eggs fiend. Selma Rosen's pink checks are due to excitement. Her mother has recently opened a dress shop. Kate Smith's stooge, Caroline, has been giving our beloved Popeye some fine compliments lately via the air waves. Have you seen Leonard Koster's new tooth? Joe Stultz, the little story teller was ivy poisoned on the car a coupla Sundays ago.

That now voice you hear over the P. A. belongs to Ethel Munson, the new office staffer. Alden Gotz is on a short leave of absence. He's teaching cartooning at a Summer camp. Bert Platt and Aaron Krawitz have announced their engagement. Lotsa good luck to you both. Eddio (Thank you) Green and Ted Mathewson are now in the Inking Dept. Frank Paiker used the hitherto unknown "oar slide" to score for the "ball and chainers" in that history-making game that was interrupted by a June walk. Connie Renza and Tom Moore received their bonus checks. Connie spent his on spaghetti and Tom bought a bulls-eye to practice shooting.

Esther Dayton, our girl inbetweener went graduation dancing with her fiancée a coupla week ends ago. Leon Jacobson is a lunch hour visitor to the eighth floor. Reasons: Marion White and Sylvia Friesner. Beatrice Davidoff and Jake Ozark are sending notes. Ditto Vita Fischman and Herman Cohen. Sidney Pillet is batcheloring. His wife is vacationing. Ed. Watkins and Warren Foster were only in their new story room a couple of days when a beautiful butterfly flew in and laid a bunch of eggs. (Jealous of our 8th floor pigeons, huh?) Warren and Ed. feel that enough gags will lay eggs without a butterfly adding to their oval collection.

David Rudolph has joined the cel decorators. Solma Ginsberg is playing Cupid for Janet Fay and Larry Lippman. Beatrice Davidoff and Sam Robinson have pfft. Arthur Grogin is now a Villager. The Inbetweeners all say they miss Jack Mercor. Willard Bowsky took another flying trip to the Lone Star State. Sam Levine, one of Edith's boys, is our latest camera enthusiast.

Joyce and Bill Van Derveer send this note to you all. "It is the wish of both Joyce and I that this informal note be considered a personal thanks to each and everyone for their kind generosity, and we look forward to entertaining anyone who wishes to call at our home after July fifth." Before her departure to Germany, Lisel Howson was given a surprise luncheon at Roth's. We roll out the welcome mat for: Martin Taras, Ben Levin and Ed. Link. Neil Sessa who is now "Smiting the bloomin' lyre" in the Music Department wants to know if any of you have heard the one about the animator who dreamt he was working in the Studio, and the next morning put it down for overtime? Dave Fleischer, Sam Buchwald and Frank Paiker have heard the "Red God's Call" and are camping in upstate New York. They will be back next week and will spend the next three weeks picking pine needles out of their clothes.

Welcome home, Max Fleischer. Max has just returned from a trip to the Southland and is the answer to: "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" Marilynn Werner has also returned to the fold. Nellie Sanborn after a recent attack of ptomaine poison has sworn off sea food. Elizabeth Hirsch is sporting a lovely pin. It's a first anniversary gift from her husband. Has Sydol Solomon a silent admirer on the 8th floor? Pauline Kaufman and Milton Fine are a heart beat. Pauline is wearing the symbolic solataire. Best wishes folks. Thanx a lot to Ruth Kuss for the following books she has put on the Library shelf: "James Shores' Daughter" by Benet. "The Night Visitor" by Bennett. "L'Affaire Jones" by Bernstein. "It's A Great War" by Lee. "Kamongo" by Smith. "The Bishop's Jaegers" by Smith. "The Valiant Wife" by Wilson. "Stranger Fidelities" by Eiker and "Devils Due" by Bottomc. We also express our thanks to Nellie Sanborn for "Green Mansions" by Hudson and to Beatrice Davidoff for "Love and Other Stories" by DeMaupassant.

Birthday greetings to Max Fleischer on July 19th. To Robert Connavale on the 20th. Betty Kafka will be a year older on the 22nd. Wm. Rolffs accepts congratulations on the 25th. Rose Schoenberg and Henry Farnham both have July 31st for their birthday. Belated greetings to Larry Lippman who had a birthday on July 1st. To Caroline Ezzo who had one on the 8th. To Elizabeth Hirsch who had a birthday on the 11th and a wedding anniversary on the 14th. Dave Fleischer also had a birthday on the 14th. To you, you and you celebrants we wish you many, many more happy days.

We mentioned before about Vera's ability to grasp the significance of a situation, a good example of this ability was shown in the bank crisis in 1929. The Chelsea Bank, which was down-stairs, proved to be unstable and a run was started. A bank run is a serious affair outside of the loss of money, there is to consider an uncontrolled mob, in the last stages of hysteria, many of them fighting viciously for all that remains of their worldly goods. They know no master, trample and maul friend and foe alike in their frenzy to get their money away from the bank.

The Fleischer Studios had \$35,000 deposited in that bank. When Vera arrived at the office, on the day in question, she saw a mob of excited depositors over-flowing the bank into the lobby and the surrounding streets. The police were striving vainly to bring order out of chaos. Maybe it was the Irish in Vera or maybe it was her training and loyalty, the ability to think and act quickly, or again, it may have been a combination of all the qualities, that enabled her to do the right thing at the right time. Vera armed with the bank book, plunged into the milling mass of humanity. It was a fight that ran from the outer edge of the mob right up to the Paying Teller's window, in which four or five other Fleischer employees were involved. It was an exhausting fight that took every ounce of strength, mentally and physically, that Vera could muster. She assisted in saving \$17,000, all she was able to draw, tucked the money into her blouse and fought her way out of the bank, and across the street to the Irving Trust Company. After some difficulty there, with bank routine, succeeded in depositing the money. Ordinarily we would say that was one good days work, but Vera went back into the fray and fought her way to the Teller's window again, then again, three times that day.

To look at Vera, one would not suspect she had such a fighting spirit. Her mild hazel eyes, her slight figure and rather self effacing manner do not indicate this. But then she has red hair which usually denotes such qualities, and stamina.

Vera is extremely honest with herself, which is a great help to her in judging others. She is charitable to a fault. It is said that she would rather see others taken care of and have things they need, and go without herself.

Vera is very fond of cats, and her one ambition is to fill Max's office with pictures of the feline and have two or three live ones besides. The only drawback is that Max says "NO."